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THE TIMES.
GREENSBORO, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
SUMMER.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Lovely and fair the shapes that lie
To-day beneath the laughing sky
For round the hillside gray and lone
A robe of living green is thrown.
And the blue river glideth slow
With music in its happy flow.

But late the orchard's roseate bloom
Freighted the winds with sweet perfume.
And filled the robin's dainty nest
Purched on some bird's aspiring crest.
And now the wax white roses wake
In beauty for the Summer's sake.

Within the garden's green repose
Once more the peony's crimson glows.
And honey bee and butterfly
Sip nectar as the hours go by.
Belated often till the night
Breathes gently on their homeward flight.

The flush of Summer! Oh how fair!
Green hedges are tossing in the air,
And every wandering sweet is borne
Yonder field of daisies and primrose.
Beside the brooks blue lilies grow
Red strawberries in the grass tufts low.
On all around, on Earth and air,
Has Summer scattered treasures fair.

And 'midst its light should thought not rise
To him who dwells beyond the skies.
Should we not pray that he will keep
And guide us o'er the times troubled deep.
Unto the better Land where shine
The beams of endless summer time.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MINIATURE;
OR,
LIFE SCENES.

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Down, down, down, they went, sinking every
Moment, nearing the bottomless pit."
Dr. Johnson.

"Her form was lovely, beautiful, yet he pledged
That gift from her, 'gainst cursed gold!'"
Clemens.

LAST! what is life! how vain!
How full of misery to those that
love! how many blighting cares
silver the locks and wrinkle the
brow! the fair and innocent had
that thought it best to act with-
out a mother's counsel and a
mother's command, now played
and toyed with that viper, whose glittering
comeliness and charming beauty enticed
him "down, down, down."

In a little schoolroom, the tutor and
pupils aforementioned met together, as usual,
at an early hour, for they loved to assemble
early and depart late; the parents of these
lively lads thought that the noblest principle
bode them to linger in each other's so-
ciety, that of love for each other, love of
learning, but especially the love of duty;
alas! they knew not that a stronger and a
more ruinous tie bound them together, that
they were entangled in the alluring entrap-
ments of "social pleasure," better named
social destruction! The destroyer had done
his work, he had acted his part well, and
the drama, which he had commenced, was
now in progress, and he drew the curtain
to hide the stage from view, a dreadful re-
sult would ensue.

The moon had barely begun to flash up
on the vaulted earth, while the stars shrank
from viewing her beauty, and but few
of their merry, laughing eyes, as they
thrice had gathered round the old desk to
take a social game, the books were laid a-
side, and soon their minds were deeply ab-
sorbed in their soul destroying play. Game
after game had been played with unremit-
ting ardor and interest, faces became pale,
eyes wearied from continued effort, yet
they ceased not.

"Is getting boring, fellows," said Wil-
lie, "stake something higher than mere
quarters and halves; I'll bet ten against
five that I will win the next game."

"Done," said Louis, "I'll—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Robert, "let
Willie tell us how he got so much more
money than he generally has, I'll wager
the tale will be funny."

"'Twill rest our hands from shuffling a
little, though I am not at all tired yet,"
said Louis.

Willie thus encouraged, commenced his
story. "Well, you see, I wanted to have
fun to-night, and so I thought I must get
more money; I knew there was no getting
any from mother, for just the other day she
gave me some; but I heard her say lately
that she didn't have but twenty or twenty-
five dollars left, and that leaked out of her
drawer very fast; well, you see before she
knew it she told me where it was; now the
d—d of it was how to get it; I could not
think of any way for a d—d long time,
and night was coming very fast; at last a
thought flashed across my mind; you re-
collect that box you gave me, Bob, it was
locked, and I could not get it open, so I
asked mother for her bureau keys, so that
I might try to 'open a box Mr. Springs
had given me,' she gave them to me, and
I went up stairs and fumbled about a
little while; afterwards I came down to
the bed-room and saw that mother was not

there, and I rushed to the drawer, and a-
bout the time I had fingered the money
pretty well into my waistcoat, who in the
denise should come in—mother herself; she
saw me with the key in the drawer, and
asked me what I was doing, the question
kind of confounded me, and I did not
know what to answer; I had to think fast,
flashed quick, and told her that this key fit,
and I wanted to know which drawer it
suited, so it need not bother her so much
whenever I wanted it."

"Ha, ha, ha," was the forced peal of
laughter produced by this recital.
"But suppose your mother should look
for the money and could not find it; she
would know you took it, for you are the
only one who has been in it lately," said
Louis Chester.

"Humph," said Willie, "did not you
think I was smart enough to guard against
that? Why! I 'sounded' her before I
took it, like every other cunning chap would
have done; I asked her to give me a little,
and she said that she did not want to open
the money-drawer till after I went away;
but that if I was really in need of it, she
would let me have some; of course, I re-
fused it, if it were a self-denial."

"But then after you have gone to col-
lege?" queried Louis Chester.

"I have fixed that too, splendidly; you
know I was a lot of counterfeit bills and
gold dollars, and I put them there, and she
won't know the difference, until she puts
on her spectacles," answered Willie hastily.

"But she'll find it out after a while, and
write to you about it," remonstrated Louis.
"The d—d you say, she won't know
where I will be, and she may write till
doomsday before she finds me; do you re-
member I am going to college?" responded
Graham, peevishly.

"I tell you, you are coming out, Will,
you are keen, a great deal more so than
you were this night, three years ago, when
you were going to run with everything to
your mother; but where are you going?
with me to the city?" asked Robert Springs.

"Oh! boys, do push up, this is our last
night, and there is no use in our talking it
away; after we have played a few tough
games, I will tell you where I am going,
if you are d—d anxious to know."

"I am willing to bet five against ten,
and I am going to play so well that you
will always remember the night of the 20th
of October," said Louis Chester.

They went to it in earnest, as if life or
death depended upon the result; the mind
was absorbed, dead to everything else, with
in or without it; no noble thought passes
through his mind, nothing elevating or
purifying, escapes their lips; alas! the air
of the gambler's room is like the sickening,
deadening vapors of the infernal pit; his
breath is full of cursings, his actions dis-
tinctive to the soul; no pure or high emo-
tion escapes the heart of the heartless swim-
mer, no becoming or edifying language,
his polluted and vile lips.

The stakes were by Willie, and elated
with success, doubling the wager they
again proceeded with unremitting dili-
gence; again the stakes were won, again
doubled, again contested, again won. Flush-
ed with such unequalled success, he pro-
mised to bet whatever they should demand
against what they might wager against it.

Louis called for the miniature of Ellen
Norwood; Robert was stunned by it and
became; it was a long, well contested
trial; each called to his aid all the skill
he could command, and for a long time the
result was doubtful; they played, and the
luckiness was lost. Louis was the winner,
and with a flourish of triumph, he ex-
claimed:

"You must lose your 'sweet Ellen' as
you call her, devilish hard to lose the mini-
ature thus soon, while you received it from
her hand only yesterday."

Willie was exasperated, and in a rage,
cried out:

"I must, I will have it; no matter how
I get it, I will have that miniature."

"I'd like to see you get it," answered
Louis, with a defiant grin.

Robert, seeing that was likely to result
from this, interposed, bidding Willie not
to be too rash, that the likeness was fairly
wagered and fairly won, telling him that if
he acted so hastily now, all their meetings
and the objects for which they met would
be revealed, and that he, in like circum-
stances, would not have done thus, and that
the right policy would be to play for it a-
gain.

His advice brought him nothing but a
torrent of curses, oath succeeding oath as
rapidly as the tongue could pronounce.

"No," he continued, "I'll be d—d if
ever I submit to such a cheating game,
played by such d—d swindlers and black
legs as you are."

If it had been the wish of the other par-
ties to take offense, they would have had
abundant opportunity during this speech
of Willie's, but this was not their wish,
nor was it their policy; they knew that they
must restrain his temper and keep him, or
their characters would be ruined, and their
prospects blasted; they knew full well
that were once known, that they gambled
continually while it was supposed they
were studying, no more trust, no more con-
fidence would ever be placed in them; that
the gray hairs of their parents would sink
with sorrow into the grave. Robert then,
with friendly skill, said in the same tone:

Willie was baffled, but soon he recover-
ed himself and said:

"Mind how you mock me, sir. I am
going home and tell the whole serpe, and
you will feel d—d cheap then."

"Run to your mother and cry like you
used to," said Robert, with a sneer.
Alas! what mighty power has this de-
vils' often has the stranger lamb been en-
cured farther from the fold by it; how of-
ten has the church suffered from the taunts
and jeers of the degraded populace, and
how serious have been the results; fathers
and mothers have wept and sunk into a
premature grave on account of the sins of
some loved child, when ever the multi-
tude has laughed at their humble efforts
to advance the cause of their Master.

This sneer had the desired effect, and
Willie came into their midst, with a red
sullen countenance, saying:

"You must be fools to think that I
would do such a thing as that; I am wil-
ling to play honorably (?) and fairly for
the cursed picture, but have it I must.
So here is for twenty dollars, cover it with
the money, Bob, and you, with the like-
ness, Louis, and let us get to work in
good earnest."

They stalked their respective wagers.
The game was played and Louis again won.
"My luck has left me," said Willie,
with an affected sigh. "Stake again
double the amount and I'll win."

Again they entered boldly, thoughtfully
upon the game, their attention was un-
dermined, and again the result was in favor
of Louis. The bets were doubled, the
game was played, and again Louis won.

Willie arose from the table in indescrib-
able agony, and said:

"I'm ruined!"

What awful depth of meaning is con-
tained in the words, what dread reality
does it present to the mind to be contem-
plated! Oh! the speechless sorrow, the
gnawing grief that must reign in the heart
of him, who utters the sad ejaculation.

"I'm ruined!" Dirty, filthy wretch
the faint whisper, scarcely was those things
there; a straw bed and a few broken chairs
were the only companions of the occupant,
shivering in the cold embrace of death,
they had often heard the bitter reproach-
es, the sad longings of the days of bright
and joyous youth, when "life was all a
happy dream." The bare walls pitilessly
resounded those muttered wishes, and then
all was silent as the grave!

"I'm ruined!" An afflicted mother
bent in agony over a lovely daughter;
alas! they had both drunk too deep of
the bitter cup of life's woes and miseries,
now they wept together over departed
joys, and together murmured their love;
despised, rejected and forsaken by the one
whom she had pledged to love and honor,
the daughter mourned her sad fate, and
with her dying breath, implored a bless-
ing on him whom once she adored, but
now she pitied.

"I'm ruined!" Hollow was the voice
that pronounced the sentence. Like a
warning from the grave, it fell upon the
ear, bidding us remember the reality
of an endless eternity! In vain, the aged
minister portrayed to the youth, wretch,
the love of a Saviour, the blood and sweat
of Gethsemane, the sufferings of Calvary;
in vain, did he point to the shelter from
the fury of God's just wrath, to the spring
of living water, the source of life and rest,
to the dying and weary, to the smiles of a
reconciled father, and the tenderness of a
kind brother!

The gates of death were opened and
passing through, he saw, in the full and
living light of eternity, that he was ever-
lastingly "too late!"

But to return—Willie's grief on this
occasion, overwhelming and crushing be-
neath its ponderous weight the fresh fond
heart of youth, soon passed away with the
rest of the game, the joke of the hour.

"Tell us, for you promised, tell us what
you are going to do," said Louis.

"It is most too late to commence, for
I know that a great many questions will
be asked, and that many hearty laughs
will be had over the plans," was Willie's
response.

"We will try to keep in," said the flat-
terer Robert, "although I know it will be
hard to do so, if you tell the tale; but it
does not make any matter whether you
stay long to-night. Mr. Graham knows
that I will go away in the morning, and
that this will be our last meeting."

After clearing of throats, and other pre-
liminary operations customary at the re-
cital of "long yarns," Willie began:

"I did not like the idea of going to
college, at all when it was first broached,
not only because I would not be in such
pleasant company as I would be in the city,
but I don't like to study."

"That's a fact," said Springs, in a low
voice.

"So I determined, when a good oppor-
tunity occurred to go to the city whether
mother cared or not—now there is a good
chance, and be d—d if I don't avail of it.
You see she will send me to college two
or three days after Bob leaves, and when
I go, instead of traveling to college, I will
follow Springs and have my fun with him
in the city—won't that be splendid?"

"Yes, that it will," said Louis, with a
nervous laugh, "that you will, but that is
not all of your story, is it?"

to send all the letters I write home, round
by A—, and she will think I am there
studying like the very devil; and, besides
I will so manage it, that all the money she
sends me at college, will come to me there,
that will be prime. I'll be having all my
fun there, and she will have her's here.
And when four years have past and the
regular time of graduation has come, a-
bout that time she will find out that I
have abandoned."

A forced laugh greeted his ears, and
strengthened him in his heinous plans.

"But," said Louis, "it seems to me
that your talk is all gammon; there is not
any use in waiting two or three days af-
ter Bob Springs goes, before you go; you
are all ready, packed up and so forth, are
you not?"

"No," responded Willie, "but I soon
can be, if there may be any need."

"Well, I guess you can get ready be-
fore eleven to-morrow," continued Louis,
and the boat will not leave the wharf
until eleven."

"Well, what if I can?" asked Willie,
impudently.

"If you are going to A— College,
you will have to pass through the city, in
which Bob expects to stay, and it is use-
less to wait; you can reason it out of your
mother, and you know she will be very
willing to let you go under Springs' care,"
said Louis Chester.

"You are a clever chap, Lou, and I
am much obliged for your advice, and I
shall act on it accordingly, and as it is
getting late, I must go home and reason
it out of mother, so good night."

"Hold, wait a little while. I will not
have time hardly in the morning to tel-
lyou all I wish to say, so sit down a mo-
ment or two. When you get comfortably
fixed in the city, I want you to write, and
I will come too. I have sworn never to
let you have this miniature, until you can
lay three thousand dollars upon it."

"The devil you say, what in the world
do you want so much money for?"

"Why, Bob, and I, as soon as we can
raise ten thousand, are going to build an
extensive and splendid gambling house in
the city, and the sooner we get the money,
the better; and then we will make like
the very devil."

"I go no shares in it, but I will help
you as much as I can sideways, for I will
pay you your account pretty soon, and then
I will suek in 'green ones,' and win
their chink accordingly—won't that be
splendid?"

"Yes, that it will—and now make
haste to your work."

Will left the room, but did he go home?
No! he felt at ease? No; he left with a
throbbing, aching heart; swift thoughts
passed through his mind, but he banished
them as rapidly. He was directing, or
at least, endeavoring to direct his whole
attention to that grand scheme of a ten
thousand dollar gambling establishment,
and contriving some plan to obtain three
thousand, so that he might help out the
plan—and that he might get the mini-
ature, for have it he must, and he was wil-
ling to do anything to obtain it.

He thought over some plan, some de-
sign, how he might get so much; every
scheme and every stratagem he devised,
had some fault. He wandered, he knew
not whither, and just as he paused, almost
ready to give up scheming, he overheard
a conversation which he took advantage
of, and thus reached the desired end. He
supposed from the conversation that he
was near the river that wound around
M—, Cropping in the direction from
which the sound came, he soon perceived,
two brazen sailors in earnest and animat-
ed conversation.

"I tell you, Jack, you had better give
three of the five thousand; you know, if
it had not been for me, you never would
have thought of such a plan to get money."

"No, sir, I won't do any such thing;
do you reckon, after all your trouble, to
get this amount, you would give me the
better half of it?"

"Well, you may do as you d—d please
about it; I reckon Sam. Wall will give
me the sum, and I will make accordingly;
then you will wish you had given it to me."

"You must be foolish, Jeff; that is no
way for you to do."

"Never mind now. I am going to get
Sam's, and I reckon I will win enough for
him and myself too."

So saying, he walked off.
His companion evidently nettled at this
conduct of his mate, cried out after him:

"Oh! Jeff, come and have it, although
I don't believe you should; here it is in
my hand, and you may take it, and I will
say nothing more about it."

"Shut your eyes, then Jack, and I will
take it without hurting you or anybody else."
The response from his companion.

Willie crept closer, and soon distinguish-
ed the one from the other, and he heard
the one who owned the money exclaim
peevishly:

"Do make haste, Jeff. I am not going
to keep my eyes shut much longer. I can
tell you."

less within a few feet of "Jack," he
watched the advancing party, and as soon
as any object hid him from view, he hastily
jumped and seized the money from
the hand of the sailor, and rapidly retraced
his steps. As fast as he possibly could,
he went towards the school-house; as he
was retracing, he heard the one ask:

"Did that rock hit you that I threw,
and where did it strike?"

"I felt something in my hand, pretty
heavy, but I thought it was you."

A merry laugh was all that Willie heard
after this answer.

What the old sailors thought about the
sudden disappearance of the money, it is
not our part to relate; we will follow Gra-
ham, as he tells his own story.

When he reached the school-house, he
saw the two boys leaving the room; step-
ping up as rapidly as possible, he asked
them to re-enter, and they observing his
excited voice and his panting wet back.

He went in with them, and as he un-
rolled the three thousand dollars, they
told him the tale of crime, he claimed the
miniature, adding:

"I have contributed my share in that
splendid gambling establishment, and I
must have my fun out of it."

"Hurra for you, Will, you are coming
out of the kinks, sure enough," said Rob-
ert.

"Now, Will," said Louis, "you had
better go and talk it out of your mother,
before morning, and get ready as quick as
you can."

With this, they separated and went to
their respective dwellings. Willie, as soon
as he reached home, told his mother the
circumstances of the case, and although
she seemed sorry at his departure, yet she
thought best that he should go under
Robert's care. Alas! she knew not why
that well-arranged plan was devised; she
knew not, nor did she even dream of the
depth of the wickedness, in which they
were involved. The poet has well ex-
pressed the thought:

"Yes, all is fair and beautiful without,
Within, 'tis wretchedness and we and shame,
Sin and pollution build their loathsome nests,
And linger in the breast of him, who seems
To all the gazing, raptured world of friends,
Lovely and fair."

On the morning of the next day, all ar-
rangements being made, Robert and Wil-
lie left amidst expressions of mutual love
and sadness. They soon finished their
journey and arrived at their destination.
The destroyer wound around the heart of
the youth the chains of sin, still firmer
and stronger. In deeds of shame, in
crime unpardonable they dealt, and every
day was spent in some "innocent amuse-
ment," more heinous than before. Yes;
the world well knows that sin and vice al-
lure the ruined victim "down, down,
down."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D.

NO. XXI.—The Violin.

After several months silence I again pro-
ceed with my series of articles on music.
That much abused, yet most charming,
perfect, and popular of all musical instru-
ments the violin consists of the following
parts viz: two pieces for the back; two for
the front; six for the sides; twelve for the
lining; six for the blocks at the top, bot-
tom, and four corners; one neck; one nut;
(that little notched piece near the screws,
on which the strings rest) one bass-bar;
one sound-post; one finger-board; one
tail-piece; one rest for the tail-piece; one
piece of catgut, or wire to connect the
tail-piece with the button; one button;
four pegs, or screws; four strings; and
one bridge; 58 pieces.

At what time this instrument was in-
vented it seems impossible for antiquari-
ans to determine; though, as our learned
translators of the Bible have, in different
passages in that holy book, given us the
word *viol*, I deem it quite probable that
the stringed instrument here meant gave
origin to the violin. Mankind, at some
very early period in the world's history,
seem to have discovered that strings, dis-
fering in size and length, would give off
sounds of variant pitch, and smooth or
rough according to the polish or rough-
ness of the strings. Perhaps old Jubal,
the antediluvian harper, was the very
first man who discovered this blessing for
the world. However this may be, it is
certain that various instruments of the
viol family were in vogue among all the
enlightened nations of Europe a long time
prior to the full introduction of the violin
into the highest musical circles of Eng-
land.

These violins have attained such celeb-
rity in the world as to command most fabu-
lous prices. What would a good Chris-
tian, in these Southern states, think of a
man who should pay from \$200 to \$500
for an "old fiddle?" But Germans and
Italians are so fond of good music that
here and there a man can be found who
will have the best kind of an instrument
if it does cost a high price. Cremona
violins are really very scarce; though if
any one will take the trouble to turn up
every fiddle he lays hands on, and read
through the sound holes, the Satin, French,
German, or Italian slip pasted to the back,
he will see that multitudes of sorry, spu-
rious articles are meant to be sold on the
credit of the Amatis and of Stradivarius.
French, German, and Yankee fiddles, in
almost fabulous numbers are scattered
everywhere as Cremonas, and each ignor-
ant and interested fiddler is ready to make
most solemn assertions that his is a
genuine Cremona, whereas the illustrious
Paganini, himself an Italian, and playing
and sojourning for many years in the dif-
ferent cities of that Country and elsewhere,
was only able, it is said, to obtain eight
of the true Amati instruments. These at
his death, he bequeathed to the most re-
nowned living players, viz: De Beriot,
Ernes, Lipuski, Mayser, Molique, Ole
Ball, Spohr, and Viex Temp.

I have in my possession a most lovely
violin which answers, in some respects,
to the characteristics of the genuine Cremona;
and it is labelled "Fred. Aug. Glass,
verfertigt nach Antonius Stradivarius.
Fies Taciturn in Cremona, A.D. 1736."

A mixture of German and Latin. In En-
glish it reads, "Manufactured by F. G.
Glass after A. Stradivarius. Made in Cre-
mona in 1736."

Viol da braccio was so called because
it was played on the arm like the violin.
The *viol da gamba* was so named because
it was held between the legs when played.
It had six strings. Besides these there
were the *viol da camera*, (love viol) which
had six brass or steel strings, that gave
off sounds so sweet and silvery as to fix on
it this name; and the *chest of viol*, used
for a long time by the musical families of
England, ere the viol da gamba made its
advent among them. All these however
faded from sight on the approach of the vi-
olin as the stars fade from view on the ap-
proach of the sun. About the "beginning
of the 17th century, Hieronymus
Amati," of the city of Cremona in Italy,
made the first of those most perfect and
beautiful violins called Cremonas, and
which, even at the present day, hold pos-
sion over all that have since been made.
Near the middle of that century Antonius
Amati followed Hieronymus in making
this style of violins, and near the end of
the century Nicholas Amati followed him.
Antonius Stradivarius made the same kind
of violin, in the same city, perhaps about
the middle of the same century; and at
the commencement of the 18th century
Joseph Guarnerius walked in the foot-
steps of these "illustrious predecessors."

The pudding is the ornament along the
borders of the instrument.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let
no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sun-
burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed
only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man
be ashamed of poverty. Let him be ashamed
only of dishonesty and idleness.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let
no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sun-
burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed
only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man
be ashamed of poverty. Let him be ashamed
only of dishonesty and idleness.

Vice stings even in our pleasures; but
virtue cometh even in our pains.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

PASSING AWAY!

BY WANDERER.

All things earthly wear the impress of
decay, from the tiny flower budding by the
wayside to the noblest creation of God,
mortal man. As we pursue our pilgrim-
age towards the shore of time, at each step
we witness a fellow being fall, either on
the right or on the left. The sun, ruling
monarch of the day, rises from his eastern
home and "shines for all;" a few hours
pass and he descends from the zenith of
his glory and sinks beneath the resplen-
dent arches of the West. Then night as-
serts its sway and veils the world in dark-
ness. The curtains of the sky are plained
with brilliant meteors twinkling more
brilliantly than the diamond in the dark.
Swiftly glide the noiseless moments by,
and with them they bear the night.

How typical of man's existence! From
the cradle to the sterner years of life his
pathway is strewn with lovely flowers of
hope, joy and happiness; the sun of pros-
perity rises over his infant couch and
glides upward through a serene sky for
years, until some unseen power impedes
its further progress upward and causes it
to decline beneath clouds and tempest un-
til obscured by the darkness that ushers
in the night of life. Then amidst the
gloom arise the stars of promise throwing
around his way their beams of heavenly
radiance.

It matters not if the night be short or
long, whether the Aurora of day dawns a-
gain upon him while a denizen of earth
or not.

The day shall break, though it may be
that of eternity.

Thus it is, we learn this important les-
son, that we are all passing away.

Upon a beautiful August day I sat be-
side a flowing rivulet and watched it glid-
ing along over its pebbled-glen bed,
sparkling in the sunlight, while it mur-
mured in accents sweet,—passing away.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

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J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITOR.

Corresponding Editors.

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Address, GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Advertisements.

The members of the Guilford Educa-

tional Association will please remember

that the time for the next regular meet-

ing is Saturday, July 10th.

The question for discussion is—

"Should the State establish Normal

Schools, for the professional training of

teachers?"

Rev. L. S. Burkhead was appointed to

deliver an address, and Mr. J. W. C.

Woolen to read an essay. Let all the

friends of the cause meet with us in the

Court House, on that occasion.

Laying Corner-Stone.

Saturday, the day appointed by the Ma-

sonic Fraternity for the laying of the cor-

ner-stone of the new Court House of

Guilford, opened bright and fair, but ex-

cessively warm. Quite a number of peo-

ple had assembled to witness the cere-

monies, which commenced at 3 o'clock.

The procession was found at the Young

Men's hall, and led by the Salisbury

Brass Band. There were about one hun-

dred members of the fraternity in the pro-

cession; but, owing to the warmth of the

weather, the parade was confined to

necessity and not display. The Order

proceeded at once to the foundation of

the new Court House, where the cere-

monies peculiar to the Order were con-

ducted by C. P. Mendenhall, Esq. And,

notwithstanding the great inconvenience

of having to stand in the sunshine, a large

concourse of people patiently witnessed

the interesting and mystic rites of dedica-

tion.

The following is a list of articles de-

posited in the corner-stone, which will,

no doubt, afford much interest to the

curious of some succeeding generations

showing them who and what were the

ambitions and creeds of those who had

gone before them:

Names of the Officers of the Govern-

ment of the U. S., of N. C., and Mem-

bers of Congress.

Directory of Greensboro.

Charter, By-laws, and list of Officers

and members of Choral Chapter.

Officers, Directors, Charter and By-laws

of the Greensboro Mutual Life Insurance

and Trust Company.

Officers, By-laws and Act of Incorpora-

tion of the Greensboro Mutual Fire In-

surance Co.

Charter and By-laws of Farmer's Bank.

Constitution and By-laws of Buena

Vista Lodge, No. 21, I. O. O. F.

Charter, By-laws and list of members

of Greensboro Div. 8, of T.

Constitution and By-laws of the Cadets

doubt but that ample justice was done it.

We hurried home from the fast ap-

proaching storm, which did much to

wards curtailing the exercises.

Normal College.

In another portion of this paper we

present a report of the proceedings of the

commencement of Normal College, but it

may not be too much to add a little edi-

torially, as we were present most of the

week. We have attended every Commencement

at Normal for the last eight

years, and we believe it might be safely

said that the exercises of this were as a

whole the most interesting of any we have

ever witnessed. The number of visitors

was also larger, and partook more of that

class in society which yields the greater

influence. We look upon these indications

as favorable to the prosperity of the

College, exhibiting an increased degree of

interest felt throughout the community.

And the matriculates of the past year, we

notice by the catalogue, were 238, being

an increase over the preceding year of

18.

Being well acquainted with many of

the students, we mixed freely with them

during the week and it is no meaningless

praise to say we heard not an oath nor

even the smell of liquor about them.

Every one was perfectly decorous and

orderly.

As to the addresses and regular Commencement

exercises we can endorse fully

the sentiments of our reporter, and will

not, therefore, repeat.

To us, individually, there was a meet-

ing not connected with the Commencement

exercises properly, that most elicited

our feelings. It was the organization of

the "Alumni Association of Normal

College." We met those with whom we

spent our youth, with whom we struggled

for College honors, with whom were as-

sociated the brightest and hallowed mem-

ories of the past, the days when

Youth trends on flowers where'er he goes,

And finds on every thorn a rose.

There were present sixteen of the

twenty nine graduates of the College.

The meetings were held daily and result-

ed in the full organization of the Society

by the adoption of a constitution and the

election of officers. The Association meet-

ings annually about the time of Com-

mencement, and will have an address or

sermon each year by one of its members.

These will be pleasant occasions and will

each year be looked forward to with an-

xious solicitude by members of the Asso-

ciation.

The late storms.

On Saturday evening last our town was

visited by the severest storm within the

knowledge of the oldest citizens. The

day was hot and still and the cloud came

up very slowly; but it spent all its fury

upon the town. It rained for near an

hour as hard as we ever saw it, and

was accompanied by a heavy wind and

the most vivid flashes of lightning and

the deepest thunder, which seemed to

make the very earth tremble. The light-

ning is said to have struck in as many

as ten or fifteen places within the cor-

poration; yet, of all the men and horses

which were scattered everywhere, no life

was lost but that of a horse. It is sup-

posed the horse was killed by electricity.

Yet no one saw it fall, nor could any

marks be found upon it. There was no

other serious damage done by lightning,

yet the rain and wind did some injury

in the country.

On Monday we were again visited by

another storm, which was more general

in the country. The lightning struck a

new house in the Western portion of

town, belonging to Rev. Wm. Barringer,

but did little damage. The rain caused

many of our streams to rise higher than

known for years, and washed off much

wheat, fencing, &c. Oats and hay are

Leisure Readings;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

The following extract from the Ad-

dress before the Young Ladies of Edge-

worth, on 27th May last, by Jas. A.

Long, Esq., of Greensboro, is the best

we have ever read on the distinction

between

Character and Reputation.

What then is character and what is re-

putation? "Character," says Blair, "is

derived from the natural sense of a stamp

or mark, and is figuratively employed for

the moral mark, which distinguishes one

man from another; reputation from the lat-

in *reputo* to think, signifies what is thought

of a person; character lies in the man, it

is the mark of what he is; reputation de-

pends upon others, it is what they think

of him; character is always a foundation,

reputation has more of conjecture in it, its

source is hearsay." Character is the moral

principle and lies within the man, and is

entirely independent of others, whereas, re-

putation is as uncertain and as unstable as

the winds, depending entirely upon the

breath of the multitude—the multitude,

which one day went forth to meet the King

of Kings, singing hosannas, and bearing

palms in their hands, and the next day

cried a crown of thorns upon his head, and

"away with him, crucify him, crucify him."

A man's character may be as bright, as

pure as refined gold, as full of promise as

the rainbow in the heavens, and yet he be

utterly destitute of reputation. No charac-

ter can ever again be delineated so pure,

spotless and lovely as that of our Savior,

and yet we have a man of that order, who

honors him—but as he was ambitious, I

honor him—but as he was ambitious, I

honor him—but as he was ambitious, I

honor him—but as he was ambitious, I

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honor him—but as he was ambitious, I

honor him—but as he was ambitious, I

because one poor Jew would not do him

revenge.

The ancient Mythologists represented

the "daughter of Chaos,"—as always

at war with and endeavoring to gain the

victory over light, shrouding in darkness

all that was bright and beautiful. So has

it ever been with those who are striving at

the sacrifice of character, to build up and

secure for themselves a false reputation.

To such nothing is more hateful than the

bright halo which virtuous deeds throw

around the truly good. It was this which

sent Aristides into exile, presented the

poisoned chalice to the lips of Socrates, and

sold Joseph into Egypt.

Again this desire for reputation not only

brings into play the baser passions of the

soul, its tendency is to corrupt and de-

stroy all the finer qualities of the heart.—

When the daughters of Judah met Saul

returning with his victorious army, and in

their admiration of the prowess of David

sang—Saul has slain his thousands, but

David his ten thousands—Saul's reputation

was touched, gratitude died in his heart,

and the demon of vengeance entered his

